

THE CAMDEN CONFEDERATE.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE PRISIS THE ROYAL THRONE UPON WHICH SH SITS, AN EREBTERONMONARCH."

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The Confederate

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BY
J. T. HERSHMAN.

Proclamation by President Davis.

The Congress of the Confederate States have, by a joint resolution, invited me to appoint a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer, with thanksgiving to Almighty God.

It is our solemn duty, at all times, and more especially in a season of public trial and adversity, to acknowledge our dependence on His mercy, and to bow in humble submission before His footstool, confessing our manifold sins, supplicating His gracious pardon, imploring His Divine help, and devoutly rendering thanks for the many and great blessings which He has vouchsafed to us.

Let the hearts of our people turn contritely and trustfully unto God; let us recognize in His chastening hand the correction of a Father, and submissively pray that the trials and sufferings which have so long borne heavily upon us, may be turned away by His merciful love; that His sustaining grace be given to our people, and His divine wisdom imparted to our rulers; that the Lord of Hosts will be with our armies and fight for us against our enemies; and that He will graciously take our cause into His own hand and mercifully establish for us a lasting, just and honorable peace and independence.

And let us not forget to render unto His holy name the thanks and praise which are so justly due for His great goodness, and for the many mercies which He has extended to us amid the trials and sufferings of protracted and bloody war.

Now, therefore, I, JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, appointing FRIDAY, the tenth day of March next, as a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer (with thanksgiving,) for "invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God;" and I do earnestly invite all soldiers and citizens to observe the same in a spirit of reverence, penitence and prayer.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States, at Richmond, this 25th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President;
J. P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of State.

The Cry of the Gold Pickers, that was wont to sound so high keyed and musical along Richmond's streets—"Gold, gold, get any gold for sale!" like the trade cry of the street rag-picker, has all at once changed to one of dolorous pitch—"Gold, gold, who wants to buy any gold, to day!" Gold is tumbling about their well-attuned ears, and with it is tumbling the airy castles of wealth of those who sacrificed their Confederate notes to the God of mammon and gold. The cry has gone forth sending terror to holders, like an alarm of fire at midnight, and the "yellow boys" are coming forth from unexpected places, from the strong tin boxes, from the gold brokers in high places, from the rag-bags and stockings of the old women and negro and holders are beggars begging for buyers.

But higher yet the cry shall grow,
As lower yet the gold shall go,
And paper yet shall overthrow
The specie falling rapidly.

GREELY ON PEACE.—The New York Tribune in commenting on Blair's visit to Richmond, uses the annexed language:

We do not know, and have at no time felt confident, that the rebels are yet prepared to agree to any terms of pacification that our Government either would or should deem acceptable; but we can imagine no possible harm that could result from ascertaining precisely what they are already to do. The recognized object of war, at least among civilized and Christian nations, is an honorable and satisfactory peace; and how are we to know when this end has been rendered attainable unless we make some means to ascertain?

J. T. HERSHMAN—Editor.

Camden, Wednesday, February, 8.

The Union Prayer meeting will be held this (Wednesday) evening at the Baptist Church at 4 o'clock.

THE NORTHERN COMMISSIONERS.—Solomon P. Chase, Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce, are said to be the Northern Commissioners.

There are two Yankee Major General SHERMANS. One who commands in South Carolina, is Wm. T. SHERMAN—the one in New Orleans, THOS. W. SHERMAN. The last, we believe, lost a leg at the first siege at Vicksburg.

The passport system—similar to that which obtains in Europe has been adopted by the Yankee government. All travellers—except emigrants—must have passports. The object is to prevent raiding on the borders, like that at St. Albans.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—All persons in Kershaw District who have been recommended for light duty, but have not yet been assigned—all who have been "transferred to the invalid corps," and all soldiers who are temporarily disabled for field service will report at the enrolling office in Camden, for inspection, on Saturday the 18th inst.

FIGHTING COMMENCED.—The "Chronicle and Sentinel" says: Gentlemen who arrived from below last evening state that heavy skirmishing was going on all day at McBRIDE'S Bridge, about seventeen miles from Graham's Turn Out.

Graham's Turn Out is seventeen miles this side of Branchville.

Our informant did not learn the result of the fight.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—A despatch from Washington to the Northern papers says it appears from a communication of the Secretary of War that the entire subject of an exchange of prisoners is now placed in the hands of Lieutenant General GRANT; and that, although only partial exchanges have thus far been made, there is reason to believe a full exchange will soon be effected.

THE TALLAHASSEE.—The enemy's newspapers have falsely reported the Tallahassee as captured, says the Richmond "Dispatch." She ran into New Inlet just after the capture of Fort Fisher, when discovering that some important change, he knew not then what, had occurred in the military situation, her commander (Captain MAFFITT) put to sea, and made good his escape. He touched the South Carolina coast and put ashore a messenger with despatches, who has reached Richmond. The news, if any, brought by this messenger has not been made public.

NO MORE PERSONALS.—The fact that "personals" have appeared in both Northern and Southern papers, has tended in a measure to mitigate some of the horrors of civil war; but it seems from the latest Northern accounts, that Gen. DIX, in order to give additional show of authority, has interdicted this harmless interchange of friendly greetings between non-combatants and prisoners and their friends. As he cannot gain glory on the battle-field, he seems determined to emulate the example of BUTLER in ruling with a rod of iron such unarmed civilians as misfortune locates in his military department.

A gentleman who was with the army on Sunday, at Petersburg, when Messrs STEPHENS, HUNTER and CAMPBELL passed through our lines, on their way to Washington, informs the *Sentinel* that the shouting along both lines was prolonged and enthusiastic. It would, indeed, be delightful if there were any room to hope that the Washington authorities are prepared for such terms of peace as would allow the soldiers to disperse. Once before the acclamations of the two armies were united. When they lay confronted at Fredericksburg, a fine military band played in succession Yankee Doodle, Dixie, and other national airs. These were appropriately responded to by the two armies alternately. But when the band struck up Home, Sweet Home, the opposing camps forgot their hostility and united in a vociferous tribute to the common sentiment.

Peace or War?

Peace rumors and speculations, thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa, pervade the atmosphere in which we live. The quidnuncs North and South are on the look out, with ears strained to catch every sound, and eyes keenly watching the thousand and one fantastic clouds that float on the hazy horizon. European canards are flying about; Washington gossip is in demand, Richmond on *dis* command a higher premium than gold or sterling exchange and the tribe of speculators and extortioners, undisturbed by dreams of the conscript officer, find themselves for once nonplussed and completely at sea. What is the meaning of this great commotion and unsettling of men's minds? Have dyspeptic old ladies been favored of late with an extra allowance of prophetic dreams and omens? Every breeze that blows from the North is redolent with vague perfumes of armistice and negotiation. Invisible envoys from anonymous European powers are landing at dead of night on mysterious shores, freighted with sealed despatches, and keep flitting about like ghosts between inscrutable Executives and mum legislators. Lee and Grant are picking up for Alexandria and Washington, and Mrs. Lincoln is preparing cards of invitation to a great dinner and ball for Jeff. Davis and his cabinet. One month, ninety days, one year's armistice is all but agreed upon, and Stevens & Co., are arranging the terms of the indemnity which Old Abe agrees to pay us for our stolen plate and negroes, and to strike an alliance, offensive as well as defensive, against the whole world and the rest of mankind, with the irrepressible Yankee nation, in return for independence and peace.

What can be in the wind, after all? Has Lincoln been suddenly reminded of some apt, if not over-refined little story, suggestive of the possibility that the Yankee dog, whilst grasping at the shadow of Southern subjugation, might lose the solid, yet substantial meat of Southern trade and profits? Have the super-numerated statesmen who control the destinies of England waked up to a dim perception of some dread Nemesis looming up in the future, and do they begin to apprehend that the Yankee lust for territory and plunder may take a Northern direction, if not South? Is it altogether unlikely that the profound dissembler and far-seeing politician who wields the power of Imperial France has never been imposed upon by the plausible gammon and shallow artifices of Seward and that he is kept tolerably well posted as to the proceedings and intentions of the Yankee Congress ament his friend and vassal Maximilian? Stranger things have come to light in our day, and people who believe in old proverbs say that where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire, and that straws show the way the

wind-blows. They notice the altered tone of the Washington *Chronicle* and other Lincoln papers, and their unwonted peans in praise of Southern pluck and honor. They smile significantly when old Mr. Blair's anxiety about his missing papers is mentioned, and with Sherman-like politeness, invite the speaker to "go and tell that to the marines." They turn the matter over in every light and aspect, and work out the problem of peace entirely to their own, if not invariably to their listener's satisfaction.

Not so your incredulous, hard-shell, matter of fact philosopher of the Gradgrind order. He doesn't get taken in by such stories and arguments—not he. Like Sir Charles Coldstream, in the play, he has looked into the matter, and finds "there is nothing in it."—Seward and Lincoln are at their old tricks, trying to humbug everybody. They have no idea of yielding one jot or tittle of their "platform," and Blair's mission, as well as the consequent embassy of Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell, are only intended to pull vast quantity of wool over people's eyes, both North and South, whilst Grant is "pegging away" at Richmond, and Sherman is quietly moving into the heart of South Carolina. Thinks Davis is fully aware of this, but had do something to please the Georgia politicians and the peace men generally, who charge with being in the way of an arrangement. Knows that he made choice of three gentlemen of highly conservative, or preservative proclivities, to go to Washington for the express purpose of showing all those people who have been abusing him for not trying "diplomacy," that they were altogether wrong, that he, Davis, is altogether right. Shrewd move of Davis', that appointment of Stephens as fogleman of the "Peace Commission!" fully satisfied that the venerable trio will return from their interview with Lincoln & Co. with very large satisfactory insects in their respective auricular tympanums. Hopes will tell their "conservative" friends in Georgia and everywhere else, that they have been egregiously humbugged and sold, that we all in for it, and must do or die, without more nonsense about "peace overtures," "diplomatic moves," and "separate State action." Feels assured some people will be all the better for this new disappointment, and will pitch into the Yankees with a *vim* hereafter, instead of perpetually finding fault with everybody and helping nobody. These are the uncomfortable and perhaps altogether mistaken views of your pessimist, impracticable, old-fogy "looker on in Vienna." He may be wrong, and his more hopeful antagonists, our sanguine friends above mentioned, may be right in matter. Not being gifted with prophecy, and having no State secrets in our keeping, we can only repeat what we hear, hope and pray for the best, and when called upon for an opinion, convey it in Sauch's vernacular: *Quien Sabe?*

ARMY OF TENNESSEE.—We have direct news, says the *Lyonsburg Republican*, of great import, from the army of Tennessee, the 13th instant, through a private letter received in that city. Gen. Beauregard would assume the command in person, and the army, it is stated, was about to move, but in which direction was not known.

"The sewing women in Philadelphia and New York, are in great distress, as their scanty earnings are insufficient to support them. For soldiers' pants, they get only from seven to eight cents in paper money; and, for shirts, one dollar per dozen, including button holes, and all complete. For tents, with sixteen-button holes, they get fifteen cents per tent. These women have held large meetings, both in New York and Philadelphia, but a deaf ear has been turned to their remonstrances."